The fable of Ouid treting of Narcissus, trãslated out of Latin into Englysh Mytre, With a mozal ther vnto, very pleasante to rede.

M.D.LX.

God resysteth the proud in euery place
But vnto the humble he geueth his grace.
Therfoze trust not to riches beuti noz strẽgth
All these be vayne, & shal consume atlength.

Imprynted at London by Thomas Yackette, and are to be sold at hys shop in Cannynge strete, ouer agaynste the thze Cranes.

¶ The prenter to the Booke.

GO Lyttell Booke do thy Indeuoure
to all estates, that vyce doeth refuse,
In the maye be learned howe to perceuer
synne to abhorre vertue to vse.
The wyse the aucthour wyll excuse
by cause he inuayeth, agaynst synne and pryde,
Who causeth many a one, parilously to slyde.

In the may the wyse learne vertue in dede
In the maye the stronge manne, of hym selfe knowe
In the maye the ryche manne, of hym selfe reed
howe to gather hys ryches, or them to bestowe
wyth most worthy matter in the doeth flowe
who seketh in the for profyt and gayne,
Of excellent matter sone shall attayne.

The Argument of the fable.

Liriope had a Sonne by Cephicious named Narcissius, whose contynuaunce of lyfe Tyricias a prophete, affyrmyd to be longe, yf the knowledge of hym selfe, procuryd not the contrary, whose sentence here nowe Ecco the callynge Impe, frome whome Juno had berefte the ryght vse of speche, so loued this Narcyssus, that throughe the thought and care that she sustayned, for the gettynge hys good wyl that euer despysed her, she consumed the relykes, of whiche consumed Carcas were torned into Stones. The greate dysdayne of Narcyssus, herein Ramusia Straungely reuenged, for he heated through hūtinge by the drynkynge of a well, supposynge to quence hys thurste espyed therin the shadowe, of hys face, wherewyth he was so rauyshed that hauynge no power to leue hys blynde desyre for the attaynyng of an impose helpe, there he starued. For the preperacion, whose buryall the Nimphes, had ordyned souch furnituer as ther vnto appertayned & had. Retornyd to the Solemne, Erthynge and buryall of suche a carcase, they founde in sted of the ded Corpis a yelow floure which with vs beareth the name of a daffadylly.

The ende of the Argument.

LIreope whome once Ciphicious, dyd embrace,
and rauyshe i his crokid cloudes wher she was shut frō grace
Dyd trauell and bryng forth, when tyme of berth befel
a chyld euen then whō loue had lyked well,
And hym Narcissus named of whome the lot to learne,
yf he shoulde number manye yeares, and perfecte age discerne
The reder of hys fate Tiricious yea dyd saye
If that the knowledge of hym selfe, his lyfe dyd not decaye,
Ful longe a vayne pronounce, this semed tyll hys death,
By furye quaynte dyd make it good, & vnsene lose of brethe
For twentye yeares and one, Narcissus death escaped
what tyme no chylde was seene so fayre, nor yong man better shapyd,
A nomber bothe of men and maydes, did hym desyre,
But bewtye bente wyth proude dysdayne, had set hym so on fyre
That nether those whome youthe in yeares, had made his make
Nor pleasaunte damsels freshe of heue, coulde wyth him pleasure take
This man the fearfull hartes, inforcynge to hys nettes
The caulyng nimphe one daye, beholde that nether euer lettes
To talke to those that spake, nor yet hathe power of speche
Before by Ecco this I mene, the dobbeler of skreeche
A body and no voyce, was Ecco yet but howe
The blabbe had then none other vse of speach, then she hath now
The later ende to geue of euery sence or clause,
wherof the wyfe of Iupiter, was fyrst and chyfe the cause
For that when she dyd seke, the sylye Imphes to take
that ofte she knewe wythin the hylles, had lodged wyth her make
This Ecco wyth a tale, the goddes kepte so longe
that well the Imphes myght her escape, but whē she sawe this wrong
This tonge quod she where wyth, so ofte thou dydeste dyscreaue
the goddes Iuno lyttyll vse of speche, shall erste receaue
And so her thretninges proue, yet Ecco endyth speche
wyth dobling sound the wordes she heareth, & sendeth a gaine wō screech
Thus when Cyphicious Sonne, the desartes walkinge faste
wyth wanderynge pace she had espyed, her loue and on hym caste
Wyth stealyng steppes, she foloweth fast her hote desyre
and styl the nerer that she comes, the hotter is her fyre
None other wyse then as the nerer fyre dothe lye
to brimstone matters mete to borne to flayme doth more applye,
Howe ofte oh wolde she fayne, wyth pleasaunte wordes him glad
and faune on hym wyth prayers swete, but nature it forbad,

And

And letteth her to begynne, but that she doth permytte
full prestie is Ecco to perfourme accordyng to her wytte,
In lystynge for to heare, some sounde hys mouth estape
whereto her wordes she myghte applye, & him an answere shape.
By chaunce Narcissus, led from companye alone
dyd saye is anye here to whome, she answereth her a none,
He musyth and amasyd, doth loke on euerye syde
and caulyng loude come nere he sayth, whom she byds yeke abyde,
Agayne he looketh aboute, and seynge none that came,
whystlyst thou me quod he, who harde her answere euen the same
He stayeth and not knowyng, whose this sounde should be
come hether let vs mete he sayde, and let vs mete quod she
Then with so good a wyll, as thoughe she neuer harde
a sound that lyked her halfe so well, to answere afterwarde
And to perfourme her wordes, the woodes she soone forsooke
and to imbrace that she desyred, aboute the necke hym tooke
He flyeth fastie awaye, her foulded armes that spredе
aboute hys necke he caste awaye, and euer as he fledе
Death would I chuse, ere thou hast power of me quod he
whom she none other answere made, but thou hast power of me
and after that wyth leues, she hid her shamefast face
wythin the woodes in hollow caues, maketh her dwellynge place,
Yet loue dothe no whyt more decrese, but wyth her smarte
augmentith styll and watchynge cares, consumyth her wretched harte,
By lenenes eke her skyne is dryed, and to eare
her bloude consumeth, so hath she nought, but voyce & bones to spare,
Whereof is nothinge lefte, but voyce for all her bones
they saye as to her lykeste shape, were tourned into stones,
And sence the woodes hath bene, her home her selfe to hyde
from euerye hyll and nought, but sounde in her dothe none abyde,
Thus here they other nymphes, of wooddes and waters borne
had he dyscrased, and youngmen yeke, a nomber had in skorne,
At last wyth handes lyfte vp, soone to the goddes dyd playne
that so hys hap myght be, to loue and not be loued agayne,
Wherto it semed wel, Ramusya gaue eare
and sought to graunte this iuste request, it after dyd appeare
A spryngе there was so fayre, that stremes like syluer had
whiche neither shepardes happe to fynde, nor gotes that vpwarde gad
Vppon the rocky hyls, nor other kynde of beste,
wyth flashyng feete to foule the same, or trouble at the leste,

Wherin them selues to bathe, no byrdes had made repare,
nor leffe had fallen from any tree, the water to appeare,
About the which the grounde had made some herbes to growe
and eke the trees had kept the sunne, from cõmynge doune so lowe
Narcyssus theare through heate, and wery hunters game
glad to take rest dyd lye hym downe, and fast beheld the same,
And as he thought to drynke, hys feruent thurste to slake
A dryer far desyre hym toke, by lokyng in the lake
For seynge as he dranke, the image of hys grace
therewyth he rapt, fell streyght in loue, wyth shadowe of his face
And museth at hym selfe, wyth whych astonyed cheare,
as image made of marble whyte, his countenance dyd apeare,
Lyke starres he seyth hys eyes, and bacchus fyngers swete
he thoughte he had on goulden heares, for Phebus not vnmete
A necke lyke pury whyte, a mouth wyth sauoure good
a face wyth skynne as whyte as snowe, well coleryd wyth blood
All whych he wonders at, and that he lyketh well
is euen him selfe that wonder makes, with small aduice to dwell
He sees that he doeth aske, agayne doth hym desyre
together he doeth burne him selfe, and kyndel eke the fyre
The well that him dysceaued, how ofte kyst he in vayne
howe ofte there in his armes he dround, in hope for to attayne
The necke, that he desyred so muche to imbrace,
and yet himselfe he could not catche, in that vnhappye place
Not knowyng what he seeth, therewith he is in loue
and those same eyes that, errour blindes, to errour dothe him moue
Ah foole, why doest thou seke, the shape that wyll not byde
nor beyng bathe, for turne thy face, away and it wyll slyde
The shadowe of thy selfe, it is that thou doest see
and hath no substaunce of it selfe, but comes and bydes with thee
If thou canste go awaye, with thee it wyll departe
yet nether care for meate or sleepe, could make him thus astarte
But in that shadowe place, beside the well he lyes
where he beholde his fayned shape, with vncontented eyes
And lyfting vp those eyes, that his, destruction made
vnto the trees that stode aboute, he raught his armes and saide
Hath euer loue, oh woodes delte crueller with man
you knowe that hyding place, hath bene to louers nowe and than
Now can you call to mynde, you that suche worldes haue lasse
that euer anye pyned so, by loue in ages passe.

I ſee and lyke it well, but that I lyke and ſee
yet fynde I not ſuche errour loe, this loue doth bring to mee
And to increaſe my greſe, no ſay nor ꝑkeſome waye
no hylles nor valeys, with cloſyd, gates, dothe ſaye our meting nay
A lytle water here, dothe ſeuer vs in twayne,
he ſeketh I ſee, that I deſyre, to be imbraced as fayne,
For looke how ofte my lippes, I moue to kyſſe the lake
ſo oft he ſheweth his mouthe, content, full well the ſame to take
To touche thee, mighte full well, a man wolde thinke be dime
it is the leſte of other thinges, that louers oughte to ſhine
What ſo thou be come forthe, why doſte thou me diſſeyue
why flyeſt thou hym, that the ſemuche, deſyreth to receyue
By bewtie and mine age, truely me thynkes I ſe
it is not that thou doſte miſlyke, for nimphes haue loued me
Thou ꝑomyſte to me a hope, I wotnot howe
with frendly cheare, and to mine armes the ſame thou doſt vnbowe
Thou ſmyleſt when I laughe, and eke thy trickeling teares
when I doe weepe I ofte eſpy, with ſines thy countenaunce ſteares
By moning of thy lyppes, and as I ges I lerne
thou ſpeakeſt words, the ſence whereof, myne eares can not deſerne
Euen this I am I ſe, my ꝓper ſhape I knowe
wyth louing of my ſelfe, I borne I mone, I beare the gloue
What ſhall I doe, and if I aſke what ſhall I craue
aboundaunce brings me want, with me, it is that I would craue
Oh wolde to God I myght, departe my body fro
in hym loues this is wyſhe is ſtrang, hys lyking to for go
But nowe my ſtrength, throughe payne is fled, and my yeares
full ſone or lyke to ende, thus dethe away my youth it beares
Yet dethe that endeth my wooes, to me it is not ſo ſure
He whom I loue ryght fayne, I wold myght lyue alenger houre
Nowe to one quod he, together let vs dye
In cruell eſtate and to his ſhape, returneth by and by
And wyth his guſhynge tearys, ſo vp the water ſtarte
hys ſhape that ther by darkened was, which when he ſawe departe
Nowe whether doſte thou go, abyde he cryed faſte
forſake not hym ſo cruelly, hys loue that on the caſt
Thoughe thee I may not touche, my ſorowes to aſſwage
yet maye I looke, relefe to geue vnto my wretched rage
And whyleſt he thus tormentes, he barred all his cheſte
before the well with ſtonye kyſſes, and beates his naked breſte

Wyth a carnacion hue, by ſtrockes thereon dyd leaue
none other wyſe then apples whyte, wyth ruddy ſydes reccaue.
Or as the growyng grapes, on ſundry cluſters ſtrepe
a purpyll coler as we ſe, or euer they be rype,
Whyche as he dyd eſpye, wythin the water clere
no lenger coulde he duere the payne, he ſawe he ſuffred there.
But as by fyre, to ware amelyng doth inſue
and as by hete the ryſing ſunne, conſumeth the mornynge due,
So feblyd by loue, to waſte he doth begynne
at lenght and quyte conſumeth, by heate of hydyng fyre wythin,
And nether hath he nowe, heare of red and whyte
no lyuelynes nor luſty ſtrength, that earſt dyd eyes delyte
Nor yet the corpys remaynes, that Ecco once had loued
whiche tho wyth angry mynd ſhe bewed, to ſorow ſhe was moued,
And loke howe ofte alas, out of hys mouth dyd paſſe
ſo ofte agayne wyth boundyng wordes, ſhe cryed alas alas,
And when that he hys ſydes, wyth reehles handes dyd ſtryke
ſhe alſo then was hard to make, a ſounde lamentynge lyke
Thus lokyng in the well, the laſt he ſpake was thys
alas thou ladde to much in vayne, beloued of me a mys,
Whych ſelfe ſame wordes agayne, this Ecco ſtreight dyd yell
and as Narciſſus toke hys leue, ſhe bad hym eke fayre well
Hys hed that hym abuſed, vnder the graſſe he thraſte
and deth ſhut vp thoſe eyes, that on there maſter muſed faſte
And when he was receyued, into that hyllye place
he yeke wythin the ogly ſtype, behelde hys wretched face
The wood and wattrye nimphes, that all hys ſuſterne were
bewayles hys lot as is ther wonte, wyth cuttynge of theyr heare
Whoſe waylinge Eccoes ſounde dyd mournyng lyke declare
for graue pompe, a bayre wyth lyghtes and fyre they dyd prepare
Then body was ther none, but growing on the ground
a yelowe flower wyth lylly leaues, in ſted therof they founde.

FINIS. FABVLE.

¶ The mozalizsation of the Fable. in Ouid of Narcissus.

A Tale wherein some wysdome may be founde
May be alowed, of suche as lyes refuse,
Hereon I meane not, that my wytte can grounde
A matter fytte for all menne to vse,
The prayse hereof I vtterly refuse,
And humbly them beseche to reade the same,
We to excuse or by theyr Judgement blame.

For neither I presume, by youthfull yeares, The vn-
To clayme the skyl that elder folkes, doe wante, belnes of
Nor vndertake that wyser often feares, y author.
To venter on my spites, then would pante
Right well I knowe, my wyttes be all to skante
But I by your correction, meane to trye,
If that my head to reason can applye.

I meane to shewe, accordyng to my wytte To suche
That Ouyd by this tale no follye mente as inbra-
But soughte to shewe, the doynges far vnfytte se not kno
Of soundrye folke, whome natuer gyftes hath lente, lege.
In dyuers wyse to vse, wyth good in tente
And howe the bounty torneth to theyr payne
That lacke the knowledge, of so good a gayne

Whiche Ouid now this Poete sure deuine Profita-
Doth collour in so wonderfull a sorte ble coũsel
That suche as wyse, refuse to reade a lyne
Wyth good aduice, to make there wytte resorte
To reasons schole, their Lessons to reporte
Shall neuer gather Ouids meanyng straunge
That wysdome hydeth, with some pleasaunt chaunge.

Hys tales doe Joyne, in suche a godly wyse,
That one doth hange vpon anothers ende,
As who should saye, a man should not despyse,

To loke before which waye hys worke wyll bende
And after howe he maye the same amende
Thus Ouid bydes hys readers for to knowe
The thynges aboue as well as those belowe

The fable that he tretyd of before
Is howe that Juno fell in argumente
Wyth Jupiter, whiche after leasuer more
To wryte at lardge, then tyme conueniente
For souche acause haue in deffrrente
But to be shorte, Tericious was theyr iudge
Whose sentence Juno semed for to grudge

For she because he sayde not as she wolde
Bereft him of his eyes and made him blinde
As one vnfitt to vew the worlde that coulde
No better Judge vnto a womans mynde
Redres where of none Jupiter colde find
But with some honour to releue his woe
Eche thinge to come he made him surely knowe.

The for meste prefe, where of in this same tale
Liriope, the nymphe receued nowe
That dyd demaunde an answere not to fayle
If that her Childe, to home her lykinge bowe
Euen at the fyrste was geuen him to allowe
shoulde not parfite years, and manie growe
Yea yea quod, he him selfe yf he not knowe.

Here as I sayd, appearith that the ende
Of euery tale another doth begynne
Here lykewise may we se the poette, bende
To byd vs loke his meaninge here with in
Supposinge that, ther wittes be verye thin
That will be holde the skabard of the blade
And not the knife wherfore the shethe was made.

Deserne the truth of euery thynge.

For if that Ouids meaninge was to wryghte
But how Narcissus, drinkinge of a wel
With shade of him selfe dyd so delyghte

That

That there til deth he thoughte to ſtarue and dwell
Bothe him a foole, a ly in verſe to tell
The wiſe mighte think, & thoſe that rede the ſame
To be vnwyſe and merite greatier blame.

The tornınge of Lycaon to a, beaſt
Doth well declare that to the wickid ſorte
Full heneous plagis prepard be at leaſte
Of god that to ther doinges will reſorte
With Juſtice hande at home they cannot ſporte
But yf they ſeke for to withſtande his wyll
They finde to worke them ſelues a waye to ſpill.

God puniſheth for ſinne.

By ſayinge eke, of Pirha, & her make
Dengalyon from the conſuming floude
What elſe is mente but god a boue dothe take
An order euer to preſarue the good
From perill ſtill, in timis that they be woode
That few or none but ſouche as god doth chuſe
Can happie lyue, or them from harme excuſe.

God preſeruith the Juſte.

And Daphus chaunginge to the laurer grene
Whoſe leues in winter neuer loſte there hue
Doth well to vs betokin as I wene
That ſouche as to virgynitie be true
Mortall glorye euer ſhall enſue
And as the laurer lynes in winters rage
So ſhall ther prayſe though death deuour there age.

A prayſe of verginite.

Of Pheton eke Appolles wretched ſonne
That wolde preſume his fathers carte to gyde
Of corage more, then counſell wel begonne
what may be thoughte, but ſouche as will a byde
with ſmall aduice not from there will to flyde
And do refuſe ther fathers councel ſuer
There helpeles harmis, vnto them ſelues procuer.

A good warning to yonge people.

What nedyth me eramples to reherſe
Sith I do take an other thinge in hande
Theſe ſhewe that poetties colour vnder verſe

Souch wysdome as they can not vnderstande
The hede That lyghtelye lyst to loke on lernynges lande
wysdome But suche as wyth aduyce, wyll vewe the same
of the po- Shall lessons fynde therby, ther lyues to frame
etes.

And now to tourne vnto the tale I meane
To treate vppon when that the dome was rede,
Of this Cephicious sonne, by one that cleane
Had lost the syght of all that nature bzede
A vayne pzonounce, it semed that he spzede
Whose sentence hym selfe, dyd not know
To perfyght age hys lyfe he shall bestowe.

Tericias heare whome maye we lyke vnto
Happy ar Euen suche a man, as hath no mynde to gayne
they that Wyth ryghteus lyppes, that seke no wzonge to do
do soo. That yelde to ryches, fozno maner of payne
Ne yet the truthe in anye thinge wyll layne
Which shall as he was blynde foz Justice sake
Be quyte bereste of all that he can make.

Foz he that wylnot Junose seruaunte be
I meane not now the pleasyng of the stoute
Truth is And myghty dames that wolde haue all agre
often Unto theyz fancees that they go aboute
shente. But he I saye, and pzofe doth put no doute
That wyl not seke the ryche foulke to please
Thzough hate and wzonge, hath often lyttle ease.

Yet when they lacke this vse of wozldely syghte
That lyttel haue they lefte on erthe to see
And that by wzonge another hath theyz ryghte
Bycause to wyll, ther wyttes wolde not agre
By losse herof they got agreater fee
Foz god of good doth gyue the knowledge mozе
Then all the gayne of erthe coulde the restozе.

Foz wher theyz eyes be casste from wozldely welth
And haue respecte to thynges that be a boue

In moche more perfecte wyse the certayne helthe
Shall they dyscerne, then souche as haue a loue
To vayne desyers that ryse for to remoue
And forther be they a byll to a bolwe
Of hydden thinges then worldlye folke alawe.

The cars of the worlde leteth vertue.

But as Teryllus Judgemente semed vayne
In the forecredyng of Marcyllus fate
So folyshe folke, from credyt wyll refrayne
Of wysdomes voice, that seldome comes to late
They only marke, the presente erthely state
Without regarde of anye thynge at all
What in this lyfe or after may befaule

The folish people regard no vertu nor good cou-sell.

And yeke agayne regarde howe Duid heare
Of prophecies doth show the doughtefulnes
Whose meanynge neuer playnely doth appeare
In doughtefull wordes that hath a hid pretence
Wheron we gesse, but greate experience
Full ofte we fynde and prouynge of the same
Doth well declare our tudgementes be by ame

Prophecies be doughtful to me-dell with all.

Wherfore we nether oughte to make to lyghte
By the depining of a skylfull boyce
Nor yet presume so fare aboue oure myght
As of the certayne skanning to reioyce
Of hedden thinges that reche beyonde our choyse
For who can surely say it wyll be so
Or dysalowe the thynge they do not knowe

We muste referthose thinges ỹ passeth our know ledge.

Tericyas voice dyd Pentheus despyse
In countynge faulse the thynges that he foresawe
Yet of his deth they gesse dyd seme to wyse
Which he for tould by hys deuininge law
And Pirethus iugemente yeke appeared vayne
That wolde presume of dowtfull speche to make
A certayne sence the meaning to mystake.

People to take on them ẏ ẏ passeth there knowledge.

So that herby righte well we maye regarde
What happe they haue that worke by doughteful gesse
To skorninge folke, & yeke the euile rewarde
That often faulyth the poete doth expresse
Thus two extremes he teachis to redresse
And by Narcissus warnith vs to be ware
Of the mishap, that pride doth still repare

Prid marreth al.

For wel Narcissus may betoken here
Souche one as hath that other members wante
As strengthe and power a cause of weakers feare
A passing witte aboue the ingnoraunte
Of beughtie ffayer in riches nothinge skante
And to conclude frome chefe of natuers packe
That hath the choyse that other thousandes lacke.

Who beinge decked with so goodlye giftes
shall haue a nomber that will moche requier
Of the acquayntaunce, for the diuers dreftes
Which fancie craueth to content desyre
But yf he haue the same a busyd fyer
That this Cephicious sonne did her receaue
Exampile take him selfe he shall desceaue.

A proude harte cōmeth to confuciō.

The man that thinkes him selfe to haue no make
Eche offred frendeship, streighte, will quite refuse
For so narcissus carid not to take
The feloweship of souch as sought to chuse
His companie a boue the reste to vse
But as by pride he grwe in great disdayne
So for rewarde his ende was full of payne.

That rich is and bewty be vayne.

Whose strengthe is souche that it can moch preuayle
Yet cannot saye, I am the mooste of ryghte
Whose heapis of golde, be of foul hyghe a vayle
Yet nede not brage, to be the ritchest wight
Whose bewghtie yeke full pleasaunte is in syghte
Yet hath no cause to saye a boue the reste
I all dyspice for natuer made me beste.

No Cretuer hath euer yet bene ſoche
That can luſtely ſaye, I moſte excell
God thought here of the pryde was verye moche
When Lucyfer he caſte from heauen to hell
In ſhowynge wher preſuminge folkys ſhould dwell
None oughte to truſte to ryches or to ſtrengthe
No power or bewtye, all conſumith at lengthe.

A notabill exãpell for proude people.

The Ryche, and proude, dyſdaynefull welthye man
That Lazarus forbad, the crommes to eate
Whiche from his borde ſhoulde fall mighte after ban
His mouche a boundaunce and his dentye meate
Which was the cauſe of all his torment greate
Yet yf he coulde haue vſed well his gayne
Pe ipitel ſhoulde haue had of all his payne.

To the ryche or dyſdainfull man.

Now Creſſus yeke, the welthy kinge of Lide
Whoſe ſoms of goulde wer paſſinge to be toulde
Dyd ſe at laſte his ritches wolde not byde
As Solon ſayde his ende that did be houlde
Wherfore we proue, who potteth ther truſte in golde
Or ſlypper welthe ar ſene in care to dwell
And loſe at laſte, the good they like ſo well.

Parke thys

Of ſtrengthe agayne, who will him ſelfe auaunce
ſhall ſe that conqueſte goes not all by myghte
This Dauid made the Phelyſtians, to graunte
That ſlue there giaunte Golyas ther kinghte
Agaynſte the which noman the thought to wyghte
For al his pryde yet ſawe they at the laſte
Him ouer throwe and ded by Daupdes caſte.

No man oughte to truſte in his owne ſtrength.

Nowe Sampſons ſtrengthe that cauſed all this wooe
I ouer paſſe Miloes mighte ſo ſtraunge
That coulde indure a forlonge wel to go
And on his backe an oxe to beare the raung
For all his mighte to weke eſtate did chaunge
When that his ſtrengthe did bringe his latter oure
To ſhow the ende of myght and mortall power

A notabell exſampell for the hy mynded.

Senna-

Senacharyb the stronge assyryan kynge
Dyd put his whole affyaunce in his power:
God is ỹ geuer of vyctorye. Yet Ezechias, prayers good dyd bryngе
His sore destruction in a soden owr
By nyghte the Angell, dyd hys hoste deuowr
Wyth death where by Senacharib, myght knowe
That God full soone, his might could make full lowe.

Darius slighte, which Ferres ouer throwe
many pro fytable ex samples. And Cerus slaughter, by the Sicicthian Quene
Be fytteramples, for to let vs knowe,
That who to power, wyll put their trust and wene
By onely might to vanquyshe, all besene
Of this their purpose oftentymes to fele
When fortune lyst to turne her happye whele.

Pryde is the destro yer of ma ny good gyftes. That bewties babes, muste bide the hard prepare
That ofte is sente, to bate their Jolye chere
Emonge the reste, doth Absalon declare
When not wythstanding, all his bewtie clere,
And eke his fayre and yelowe golden heare
Betwene the bowes dyd hange, tyl that hys foes
Wyth deathes despatche, dyd ryd hym of his woes.

The tran sitory thi ges of this world are not to be trusted. The sorowes greate, of Menelawes wyfe
Whose bewtie fayre, so farre to se was sought
The wretched ende, of Cleopatres lyfe
Whose ryche araye, was all to derely bought
Dothe plainly shewe, that all was vaine and nought
Thus riches strengthe and power, confesse we muste
Wyth bewtie eke, to slypper be to truste.

Agayne we se, eche mortall thynge decaye
A damage by dyspleasure, hath the ryche
And bewties blomis, full sone are blowne awaye
The stronge by syckenes, feles a feble stitche
From wele to woe, thus by promyse pytche
Our tyme is toste, with suche vnsuerties change
As to beholde, aduice maye thinke full strange.

Yet

yet ſome ther be ſo pouffed vp with pryde
And as Narcillus, drowned in diſdayne
That lyghte regarde they haue what will abide
So farre vn ware of ther in ſuing paine
Of other folke vnreakinge they remayne
As tho they thoughte, who worthie wer to be
A mate fulmete, & folowe fite for me.

Diſdayn fullnes and orabell vice.

To whome it happes as to Cephicious ſonns
It chaunced her which Ecco did diſpiſe
The caulinge nimphe which ernſt loue begonne
In haſtie ſorte dyd ende in wofull wiſe
Not muche vnlyke the vayne deſyers that riſe
By frutcles thoughts to get ſome folyſhe thinge
Which harme, or elſe repentaunce farre will bring.

But by thys fable ſome there be ſuppoſe
That Ouyd mente to ſhowe the fauinge ſorte
Of flattringe folke whoſe vſage is to gloſe
With prayers ſwete, the men of gretieſt, porte
And moſte of welthe to whome the ſtill reſorte
In hope to gete, refuſing nought to lye
The ende of ſpeche as Ecco they applye.

A flaterar is not to be truſted.

For yf the men by whome they wene to gayne
ſhall ſaye me thinketh that this is verye well
Euen verye well they aunſwer ſtrayght agayne
As tho aduice had dyd them ſo to tell
When verye nought they ſame mighte, reaſon ſpell
The ende of euerye fortunes darlinges voice
Thus they repete with out a forther choyſe.

No man ſhal learn the truth of a flaterar.

Nowe yf a tiraunte ſaye it ſhall be ſo
None other thinge but ſo they haue to ſpeake
Although it tourne a thouſande vnto wooe
The ſtrong maye ſoupe to wracke maye goo the weke
So they the riche, maye pleaſe they nothinge racke
The ſame, they ſaye, they aunſwer after warde
As though it twiſe were worthye to be herde.

The condycyons of a flaterar.

And leste I seme to ouerskippe the sence
Bocas a wryter of this same
Of anye wryghter woorthye to be knowne
Wherby the poettes wise and hid pretence.
With other wittes by trauell greate, great hath sowne
To showe what good of Ouides seede, is growen
Through my defaute maye shanned be a mysse
Vppon this fable, Bocase wryghte the this.

By Ecco whiche dothe, spoken woordes repleate
And els is dome, I fayne doo vnderstande
That mortaule folke dothe loue with feruente heate
And folowth faste, in euerye plase and lande
As thinges wheron, her beinge all dothe standes
And yet the same a nomber will forsake
And lyghte esteme for folyshe pleasures sake.

Within whose well of shininge, gaye delyghtes.
That we maye lyke vnto a water coulde
That slydynge is some time as Bocase, wryghtes
Them selues that is, ther glorye, they be holde
And are so sure in luste and pleasure coulde
That rapte therewith not abyll to astarte.
From thense they be or from ther madnes parte.

Fame other good or euell.
And there at laste, they dye which shame forsoke
That them somoche desyred to embrace
Whose lyfe so loste, for lyttell prayse dyd loke
Of vertuse voyce, that bydes in euerye place
And byddeth same to euery Coste to chase
There prayses greate that cause well deserue
Not with there Corpis to let, there name to starue.

But suche as, will make lyght the loue, of same
For Lycorous luste, that lyketh them so well
By good desarties, and rekes for no good name
Howe muche in wytte, or beughtie they excell
Howe stronge or ryche so euer they shall dwell
Ther deinty ioyes, there body name and all
They lose at ones, which dethe ther lyfe, dothe call.

And

And yf pare happes, that nature dyd beſtowe
More good of them in lyfe then of the reſte
And that ther by there ſome remembraunce growe
Of natuers bountye, gyuen them for the beſte
Euen lyke a fadinge flower, this flytinge geſte
I maye recimbell, which is freſhe to daye
And yet or night is wetherid clene awaye.

What Bocas mente thus ſomwhat haue I toulde
The ſkanninge to of others ges herein
I haue and will at laſte at large vnfoulde
But where I left, nowe fyrſte I will begynne
To ſhowe howe moche the haſtye ſorte ſhall winne
By there dyſdayne, the which Narciſſus here
Dothe repreſente to me as dothe appeare.

Of youth full tyme yll ſpent.

For fyrſte who was his bewtye and his ſhape
There with and notes of others his dyſdayne
And then ſhall marke of his ende and his myſhape
Who blinded was with his to good a gayne
As in a glaſſe ſhall ſe the picture playne
Of a full proude and ouer weninge wyghte
That natures gyftes dyſdayne to vſe arighte.

And ſythe I haue declared here before
What lyttell truſte, of ryghte we ought to haue
To that, whiche we receue, for to reſtore
To hym that firſte our pleaſynge treaſures gaue
To ſuer to Joye but when he lyſte to craue
The good he ſente the ſame he takyth a waye
Or we be ware, our hap ſo ſoone decaye.

Nowe wyll I ſhowe that erſte I ſayd I wolde
Of this ſame talke in ſome Comparing ſorte
What I conceue, the whiche not as I ſholde
Yf I declare, and that my wittes reſorte
Without the reche of wiſdomes ſober porte
Nowe of the learned I doo craue
And of my Judgmente here the ſence you haue

I fayne a man, to haue a godly wytte
The selfe same yeares that this Narcissus hade
With lyke dysdayne of others farre vnfytt
And then immagin one that wolde be glade
With counsayle good to cause him for to knowe
To make his witte bothe sober wise and sade
That prides rewarde is to be made ful lowe

And thissame one I, Ecco presuppose
By whome I gesse that good aduice is mente
Whiche is ful lothe a godly witte to lose
And sorye moche to se the same yspente
She followeth him therfore for this intente
To make him marke and well regarde the ende
Of euerye thinge that he dothe once intende.

To suche as speke with out ad vise mente.

Her nature is not to be full of talke
Not to deuice, but to aduice full well
Wordyes ỹ springe frō youthefull thoughtes at walke
Not gretinge still to reasons sober spelle
The endinge sence whereof she aye doth yel
As who shoulde saye we ought to regarde the cause
And ende of speche ofte spoke with lyttell, pause.

For sythe eche wordys and doinge oughte of righte
To be referred vnto some reasons ende
With out respecte, whereof lyttel mighte
Our doinges reste which to no purpose bende
To sharpiste wittes, aduice, her loue douth sende
As fyttiste foulkes, to gayne her greate good will
If they receyue the good, she profers stil.

Nowe howe she waues this man, that hath this witte
I nede not tell, syth Ouyd doth declare
But hym she followeth as she thinkes it fitte
Tell that she se him, voyde, of wanton care
To shape an aunswere then she dothe prepare
To euerye sencethat he shall speake or sounde
To cause him marke therof the certayne grounde.

This

The ende of euerye sence she repetis
Where by for what he spake he maye deserne
But he that on the baynes of pleasuer beatis
His wanton shippe without a stedye starne
Of good aduice shall nothynge racke to learne
But her refuse when she wolde him inbrace
Affection so a waye doth reasone chase.

To suche as geue them selues ouer to pleasur of vanites

So this same man whome nature witte hath lente
A vertue greate to them that vse it well
Aduice, perhappes canne be contente
To heare and lysten what her wordes can spell
But when he once espies she thinketh to dwell
Contenually with him to be his make
Here offrid frendeshipe strayght he doth forsake.

Wytte well vsed moste nedes be prophitabell.

To lyue by lokke his good he doth refuse
Unbridelyd will oh whether wilte thou trayne
This wandring witte that hath no power to chuse
The reddye waye to souche a perfite gayne
But as the blynde to passage right, dothe paine
Him selfe no more then when he goith amis
To winne thy woys asmouche thy trauayle is.

But whye accause I will that maye be charmed
By good aduice yf thou haddeste not dysdayne
Thy pride, thy pryde, hath worste of all the harmed
That poufes the vp vppon presumcions vayne
Whiche maketh those, continue, that wold be fayne
Of thy good will to make thy wittes full wise
Whose loue thou hatte, the proffet to despise.

Pryde is a vayne thinge.

This witte refusing good aduice loue
And wandringe faste to willes vncertayne reach
Dothe let her starne, that sought a waye to moue
Then happye ende that profe doth playnelye teache
Is full prepared, dysdaynefull folke to appeache
Whose pride is souche as puttes a waye the sighte
Of counsayle good and euerye iugement righte.

To suche as dysdaynes good counsayl.

And so aduice I leue forsaken quite
As Ecco was for all her greate good will
And will declare, wittes rashe and madd dyspite
Of suche a frende neglect for lacke of skyll
Wherby he faste procures him selfe to spill
As one vnware, of all his wooes to come
Whose reckles lyfe receiueth a wretched dome.

Acareles lyfe thus led in youthfull yeares
A wilfull waye he semeth well to take
So this same witte as wilde desyer him steres
Unconstantely, for lust and pleasures sake.
From this to that his vayne inuenciones wake
Aresteles time in nedeles worke doth spende
Till that hereof he findes the folyshe, ende.

Then werye quite of all this wanton sporte
And trustinge moche to tast a more stabyll drynke
To praise well bycause he dothe resorte
Whereby misshappe, he rather comes I thynke
Whose pleasaunte face, and swete delyghtinge drinke
Who shall approche will thinke a thousand yeare
Tyll they haue sene there, in the water cleare.

Which hath in it no foule nor oglye syghte
Nor lothsome lokynge ther a bate to stande
The syluer streames so shininge be and brighte
As can delyghte the greatest lorde in lande
The Ladys yeke full fayer wyth hande in hande
Will faste repare vnto this pleasaunte well
Wherewith aduice, I wyshe them all to dwell.

Whiche for bycause that witte dyd quite dyspyse
Nowe marke his harme, and harde predestenid woe
This well he faste behouldes in musynge wise
And lyes to drinke where more his thurste dothe growe
A lasse for that him selfe he doth not knowe
For ther he seethe the image of his grace
Hys shape and yeke proporcion of his face.

Hys

His wittes his strengthe and euerye other gyfte,
That maye be thoughte a vertue anye waye
Appeareth therwith euerye sondrye shifte
That nature sendeth to make the carkes gaye
And yette that Fortune lendes for eche assaye
There nought is hid that is worthye prayse to pyke
Nor ought is sene, that men mighte well mislike.

Where on they faster that his eyes be caste
There at the more his marueil doth increase
And yeke the more his marueil thus doth laste
The lesse he sekes his blinde desyer to cease
Which for syth loue to putte him selfe in prese
To lyke the thyng that better ware to lacke
Then by souche loue to bringe him selfe to wracke.

For who so Couettes that he cannot catche
And moste also woth that nedyth moofte amendes
With so good will, and still desyres to watche
Suche wretched Ioyes a cofsid, lyke that spendeth
As profe doth teache vnto dystruccion bendes
Delyted so with that he shoulde refuse
And quite for sakinge that he oughte to chuse.

But of his loue suche is the blynde, respecte
And suche the swete, delightinge wretched plighte
That his a baile he blyndelye doth neglecte
To helpe him selfe as one that hath no mighte
So rauished is he with the pleasinge sighte
Of that to him whiche lyttell pleasure gaynes
Unlesse we counte the wynning good of paynes.

For in this well to well he belwes the forme
Of euerye gyfte, and grace that nature gaue
To hym for that he chefelye shoulde performe
With good, moche good, his good therby to saue
Yet be his good, as sure is euel to haue
He gaynis the losse that other neuer fele
Which haue not wone suche welthe by fortunes whele.

And

And whye bycause he demes not as he oughte
Eche vertue lyketh value of the same
His face, the beste that euer was wrought
And shape he thinkes deserueth no maner blame
By wytte he wennes ful wyunderusthinges to frame
And what he hathe he thinkes all the beste
Besyds him selfe dispicinge all the reste.

There be to many suche.

All though in dede, he nether be so fayer
So well proporsmid, nor so suerlye wise
Ne yet in strengthe, be abyll to compayre
With halfe the nomber that he dyd dyspise
A boue them al he thinkes him selfe to prise,
Whiche ouer weninge, wins him all his wooe
A simpyll gayne I count, that hurtes me so.

For rapte so faste, through his abused eyes
Euen on him selfe, whereof he doth delighte
With in this well no fautes he euer spies
Whereby him selfe he anye waye might spite
But as eche face appearithe, fayre & quyte
Thoughe it be foule with in the flatringe glas
This lyinge lake, shewes euerye gyfte to passe.

To suche as flatter thē selues

Wherto he strayght consentes by Judgemente blind
And grauntes to haue asmuch as semeth, and more
So easye lo, selfe loue is nowe to kinde
So some is had, so swete agreuous sore
So glade he is to kepe his harmis in store
So moche desyrous for to abyde his woo
And yeke so lothe his mischefe to for goo.

Which causith this, bycause of natuere all
Be pleased well, well of them selues to here
And yet the wyse, with good aduice will calle
Unto them selues yf they, deserue to beare
The praysys greate which seme so true & cleare
By others mouthes whiche euer taulke the beste
Of them they se, in good estate to reste.

nowe

Now witte that wantes all that wiſdom willes
The wiſe to haue is voyde of this reſpecte
For what he hath he thinkes it greatlye ſkylles
But what he is, the whylſt he doth neglecte
Thus Joye to haue, ſo mouche doth him infecte
That care to be, ſo good as he appeares
He quite forſaketh, ſo blyndely loue him bleres.

Through which he loſythe euerye verteous ſtrengthe
And lackes the ſkyl, ſo godlye gyftes to vſe
So euery good doth tourne to bade at lengthe
And he conſumeth, him ſelfe that doth abuſe
This lot is ſente to him that will refuſe
Aduices loue, to lyghte on prayſeth well
Wher tyll he ſtarue he ſtill delytes to dwell.

To ſtarue I meane, the good he hath to loſe
To whiche I thinke him ſelfe he ſuer doth binde
That of him ſelfe more good doth preſuppoſe
By lokinge in this preſent well ſo blinde
Them in him ſelfe a wiſer man can finde
For who dothe couet him ſelfe of wyſer ſkole
Then dedes him ſhowe, doth proue him ſelfe a fole.

Who thinkes he hath more then he doth poſſes
In this not only is dyſſeued quite
But hath ſo moche of that he hath the leſſe
Of wit I meane, wherin who ſhall delyghte
More then he oughte him ſelfe doth this dyſpite
An wittinge clene, the more he thinkes he hathe
Euen by ſomoche, hath leſſe as Plato ſayth.

So he that deines, his witte a boue the reſte
So moche the leſſe, then others, hath here by
And he that thinkes, his one of all the beſte
The worſte of all it reaſon will replye
Al though the ſame he neuer can eſpie
Becauſe he truſteth the lyinge well of prayſe
Whereby his wit and all he hath decayes.

Suche as thinkes them ſelues wiſe and yet are folyſh.

For syth, the well of prayse, aswell conciſtes
Vppon the ſpringes of vnaduiſed talke
As of the voyce of wiſdome, that reſiſtes
The ſpeches of foolys, whoſe tonges a wrye will walke
Beſydes the pathe, of reaſons, gidinge balke
It maye welbe that ſuche them ſelues dyſceaue
As of vntrouth, a certayne truthes conſeue.

Thus what hath made, this witte to ſtarue we ſe
We muſt Selfe loue the very bid conſuming ſore
not truſte Of godly wittes, that elſe coulde well agre
our owne To euery ſence of wiſdoms preſente lore
wittes And now to ſhowe the very cauſe wherfore
beſte. They leſe the ſtrength of this ſo good a gayne
And leue aduice, forſothe it is dyſdayne.

This enuius heare, dyſdayne, this dayntie, thynge
When it begins to harbour, in thy breſte
Of anie man this harme it fyrſte doth bringe
Contempte of thoſe in better ſtate, that reſte
Then he is in, that counteth to be beſte
So that his faultes, who fayne wolde haue him knowe
And by his frende he countes him as his foe.

Then of contemptes proceedyth, hautye pride
The con- The which who gettes ſhall neuer lyghtely leue
temptes So grete an euel ſo faſte as ſene to byde
of vertue Euen to the beſte when it beginneth to cleue
commeth That honour, wit, or anie gyfte receue
by pryde. This of dyſdayne, contempte, wherof procedes
The poyſon pride, this ſame ſelfe loue that bredes.

All dyſ- Wherfore hereby I may conclude, a right
dayne ful That as contempte, dyd cauſe Narciſſus quayle
folkes are So by dyſdayne eche wyghte, doth loſe his myghte
compared And euery vertue through thiſſame, doth faile
vnto Nar As well Narciſſus proueth in this ſame tale
ciſſus. Who loſte through loue eche thinge he moofte dyd lyke
For his dyſdayn who worſe reuenge could pike.

Can

Can greter woo to anie man betide
Then that to lose wherin he moste delites
No suer and yet to syrcuyte and pride
This is the Juste reuenge, that still requites
Ther grete dysdayne, and al ther oulde dispites
To lacke of that, at laste they lyke so well
Which wante aboundaunce, makes with them to dwel.

This sence is straunge, & yet as true as quainte
That plentie shoulde be cause of greter, lacke
A man in helthe can neuer, lyghtlye fayntc
The happye man no misery dothe smacke
The Riche, by ritches, feles no nedye, wracke
Agayne who sittes in honours shynyngchare
Is farre inough from wretched peoples share.

This is worthy to be marked.

And what can happe, thus harme the happie man
Or can suche welth, ther maister bringe to woo
Can honors, forse ther honors them to ban
Can all this good so greue vs thus what no
Yes yes alas it proueth often so
Of agis paste craumpils neuer grounde
Of these our dayes to manie may be founde.

A true sayngc.

Be therfore al these godly gyftes to blame
Bycause they come to wracke that them possesse
Na to be ryche it is no maner shame
Ne honour hurtis that helps to redres
The wronged soulke whome rigour doth oppres
Nor ought is euel wherof the rightefull vse
Who shal observe maye haue a Juste excuse.

Honor & Ryches by godes good gyftes.

But this aboundaunce who shall excell abuse
And quite forget from whence these vertues flowe
The good they haue therby they quite refuse
And euery gyfte vnto agreke shall growe
Wysuse of good thus them shall ouer throwe
Euen as Minarnais pipis that Martias founde
Wisused him harmed with swetenes of the sound.

Be ware of a busynge honor and ryches.

This Marcias, was a boysterous country man
The pleasaunte pipes of pallase once he founde
The which to blowe allone as he began
Euen of them selues dyd gyue so swete a sounde
That better thoughte he not a boue the grounde
Wher in he strayghte dyd take so grete a pride
As though his mouthe dyd al, this musyke gyde.

Through whiche the musys with ther armonye
He thoughte could not so swete a sounde prepare
And eke Appollo god of melodye
He maye dy[illegible]de doune from his shininge chare
Also with him presuminge to compare
Full well contente to lose his lyfe if he
Made not his pypes moze swetely to agre.

Then musikes god who scinge all his pride
Him fyrste dyd farr excel in conning playe
And then to make him by his couenaunte, byde
He made the skyn, of all his bodye flaye
An cuell rewarde foz this his vayne assaye
Un happye gyfte that gyues no better gayne
Naye folyshe man, that gydes it to thye payne.

Good gyftes mysse vsed.

So that heareby I gather euerye gyfte
Misusyde maye harme the honours of the same
And though to some, that natures bountye lyfte
A grace where of a nother shall be lame
This godly gefte, is not a whyte to blame
Although their honours through the same shall quayle
The rightefull vse, that lacke, of souche a vayle.

Foz yf so be, that Marcias had knowen
That of him selfe, not all his conning came
He nether wolde haue striuen to haue blowne
He yet presumed to venter foz the game
With him that was the auether of the same
If he had knowen howe, well to vse this gaine
He it mighte well haue kepte & not bene slayne.

But

But who can knowe, that wil dysdayne to learne
And who can lerne that reckes not to be taughte
So well to vse his welthe who can deserne
That this dysdayne, this venime, greate, hath caughte
This same made Narcias, that he neuer raught
To knowe of whome his melodye dyd rise
This made Narcissus, Ecco yeke dyspise.

That disdain is the destroyer of the wil dome.

And to conclude this causyde, witte forsake
Advice whose lacke, dyd lose him all his gayne
For loke euen as Narcissus by the lake
His beughtie locke by bewtyes sore dysdayne
And that his proffet purchesse, all his payne
So witte, that hath dysdayne, shall so presume
That throughe his witte, his wit shall clene consume.

Wherfore, this vice, that euerye vartue marres
That priuate weale, conuerts to preuate woo
That eche degre, ther rightefull dewtye bares
Who redyth, this tale, I wishe, so well mighte knowe
That in ther hartes, no sede therof mighte growe
Where of eche, wighte denoide, by good aduise
Maye ryghtely vse there gyftes of greatiste prise.

A good wyshe of ỹ Aucther.

Thus haue you harde the simpill sence
That I haue gatherid by my symple witte
Of Ouides tale, whose wise & hid pretence
Though as I shoulde parhappes I haue not hitte
Yet as I could and as I thoughte it fitte
I haue declared, what I can conseue
Full glade to learne, what wiser folke parceaue

And now to kepe my couenaunte & procede
Of others Jugementes, to declare the secte
Of thissame tale, Ficius wrytes in dede
A wise oppinion not to be neglecte
Of souche alleme, to be of reasons secte
The which I wolde not skip emonge the reste
Leaste his Jnuention, some maye thinke the beste.

Fyssius a writer of the same.

A rashe mans minde, that hath no skyl sayth he
By this Narcissus verye well is mente
His proper shape, that hath no power to se
That is the proper, office which is sente
Unto the minde, by no meane can conuente
To se and marke, as eche man ought of righte
And to performe accordinge to ther mighte.

But as Narcissus, onlye dyd desyer
Hys shadowe in the water to imbrace
So this same minde dothe nothinge els requier
Of brittil bewtye, but to marke the case
That in the bodye hath the bydinge place
Which onlye is the shadowe of the minde
As it mighte knowe in case it were not blinde.

Thus minde, thus noughte desyringe, but his shade
That is the beutie in the carcase frayle
Not beinge abyl to deserne the trade
The which it oughte of righte for to assayle
Hereby forsaketh, quitte the one a bayle
And losyth bothe his proper shape herein
And yeke his shadowe hath no power to win.

For euery minde, becoms the bodys man
In so louinge it, it selfe, dothe quite despise
The boddys vse, and yet it no waye can
Enioy and haue accordinge to the guise
And order due that natuer doth deuice
But thus doth both the bodys vse mystake
And of it selfe the office true forsake.

Better it is to haue the mynd garnished w̄ vertu then a folyshe bodi of bewty ful

The office of the minde, is to haue power
Uppon the bodye, and to order well
The bodys office yeke in euery hower
It is of the minde to lerne the perfite skyll
The bayne desyers that rise, him by to kill
Wherby the mynde dothe kepe his perfite strength
And yeke the bodye vanquishe lolke at length.

Now

Now where the minde is drowned with desyre
Of suche delyghtis as to the bodye longe
The boddye then moste nedes consume with fyer
Of raginge lustes a boute the same that thronge
So that the minde, is cause of bothe ther wronge
To put it selfe, out of the proper place
And bringe the bodye, to so euel a case.

For thus the minde, that oughte of righte, to be
The teacher of the bodye to do well
Doth make the same to euery euill agre
Procuringe that it shoulde of right expell
Wherby in bothe, a mouinge blinde doth dwell
Euen as within Narcyssus dyd remayne
That through his shadowe to be soche agayne.

The mīd beynge replenyshed with euyl bryngeth body & soule to confusion

And as Narcissus, neuer coulde attayne
His shadowe which he wisshed for so faste
And that his loue dyd lede him to his payne
Euen so thys minde that reasons bondes hath paste
It selfe and from, the proper place hath caste
Shall neuer gayne that it dothe moste desyer
Suche is to folye styll the folowinge hire.

The rewarde of suche as geue thē selues to vayne pleasurs.

For thoughe it Couet moche, a safe estate
And seke it selfe to plante in perfite plighte
Yet this desyer, prosedyth all to late
When will is bente, to loue vayne delight
Whose rashe regarde descerns not blacke from whyte
Who wolde be well, worketh other wise
Of beinge well, the suertie dothe despise.

And when this minde, hath wroughte somoche amisse
Thus blindely from his perfecte, place to fall
We moste nedys graunte a kinde of dethe it is
A thinge deuine, and perfecte, to be thrall
Unto the carcas moste corrupt of all
When this immortall minde, shall seke to serue
Eche mortall thinge, his vertue nedes muste sterue.

Thys

This is the meaninge of Ficius sence
That in this wise one Plato doth wryghte
And nowe to show, the learned mennes pretence
With Ouides tale the reders to delyghte
Two there were that somewhat dyd indite
Of this same fable, whiche I will declare
Leaste anye wryter I maye seme to spare.

The one hereof, asence deuine, doth make
No foole he semethe, that walles hath to name
And englyshe man, which thus doth vndertake
For lowles behoufe, to deskant on this same
There by sayth he a nomber moche to blame
That as Narcissus, lettes there bewty quale
Because they quite misuse there good auayle.

For dyuers whych in bewty, much excell
Eyther inshape that in the bodys gyft
In knowledge els whych in the mynd, doth dwell
Or to conclude in ryches, which is lyft
To sundry men by fortunes hydynge shyft
Before the same so puffed vp wyth pryde
That all, to base, they thynke wyth them to byde.

What then, to thys what is the due reward
Forsoth these derlynges wyth theyr great dysdayne
wythin the well of worldly wealth, regarde
Thys same apperaunce of their blyssfull gayne
Whych lasteth not, but as the shadowe, vayne
Doth passe a waye, euen so doth come to goe
Eche thynge we haue the vse affyrmeth so.

Now in thys welle the apperaunce of theyr state
Doth them so please and eke so well contente
That seynge it they nothynge else awaite
The nought can lowe they nothyng can consent
To prayse or lyke but all to thys intente
Them selues, full farr aboue the reste aduaunce
And styll to glorye of here happye chaunce

Thus

Thus through this glorye of ther lyfe to moche
The cheſeſte lyfe, the lyfe of ſoules the loſe
There blinde deſyer and fonde regarde is ſoche
Them ſelues in all this daunger, for to cloſe
This Englyſhe wryter heare of doth thus ſuppoſe
The other nowe whome Italye dyd brede
As foloweth wrytes, to them that ſhall yet rede.

In Grece there was a paſſinge fayer yonge man
Whoſe beutye broughte him vnto ſuche a pride
That through theſſame vnto ſuch dyſdayne he ran
As but him ſelfe he none coulde well a bide
But counted other all as vile beſyde
Through which his ende was wretchedly to dye
With in the woodes to ſtarue and ther to lye.

A Learnyd man of Italye a writer of ỳ ſame

And wheras Oued, doth hereof affirme
That this Narciſſus, was traunſformed at laſte
Into a flower, he only doth confirme
That youth and bewghte, come and ſoone be paſte
Euen as the flower, that wetherithe full faſt
And for by cauſe, in wodes the nimphes do dwell
His deathe bewaylyd of them dothe Ouid tell.

Mannes lyfe is lyke a flo were.

Agayne where the poete dothe a bowe
That this Narciſſus dyed by a lake
It maye well be, by cauſe he dyd a lowe
None fette or worthye to become his make
But euery man deſpyſing, dyd for ſake
That ſome of hatrid and of malyce fell
For his dyſdayne dyd drowne him in a well.

Thus moche this ſame Italyan wryter here
Doth finde as true, his wryghtinges do proffes
So it maye well be all that wrote appeare
Of this ſame fable other more or leſſe
That ſtil dyſdayne doth cauſe the greter diſtres
Of euery good that natuers bountie gyues
To eche eſtate, vppon the yearthe that lyues.

Wherfore who hath, no sparckel of this vice
Are lyke to kendel in them selues no flame
Of anie euel but styll by good aduice
Shall so them selues and all there doinges frame
As shall at all deserue no maner blame
Whoe wantes this vice therby shall chefely staye
To euerye euell the very reddy waye.

Thus haue you harde what hath ben thought
By soundry foulke, of thissame Ouides tale
Where by I proue that al herin haue soughte
To showe that Ouid wryt for good a vale
Declaringe howe they lykest ar to quayle
That greatyst store of anie good receyue
The ryghtfull vse therof and leaste perceue.

To moche posses so that it is no prayse
But thynges possessed, ryghtfully to vse
For eche possession, by and by decayes
And suche as by possessinge shall abuse
All they posses, with shame, shall sone refuse
Wherfore the moste, ar worthy to posses
Whose spotlesse dedes, the rychest vse erpresse.

And thus my simpel trauayle I commende
Unto euery one, prayinge you to take
The same in worthe and when more yeares shall sende
More wyt and yeke more knowledge shall a wake
Suche labours lyke I mene not to forsake
As knoweth god who kepe vs alwaye
Saue and defend vs from all decaye.

FINIS. Quod. Ty.

Imprinted at Lon-
don by Thomas Hackette, and
are to be solde at hys shop
in Cannynge strete
ouer agaynst the
the Cra-
nes.